## LORD IDDESLEIGH.

FRIEF NOTES OF HIS PERSONAL CHARAC-TER AND POLITICAL CAREER. PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TR

London, January 15.
In all the long biographies of the late Lord Iddes sigh which papers of all kinds publish you will ook in vain tor good anecdotes of him. His was sot a life which leutjitself to gossip. What is said of him is for the most part well said. Justice is lone to his purity of character, his fine sense of nonor, his unselfishness, his genuine abilities, his services to his party and to the State. If there be point on which our English friends do not seem to sare to dwell, it is Sir Stafford Northcote's share n the Treaty of Washington. That has never seen a popular business here, and it was always shought that Mr. Gladstone showed extraordinary sleverness in putting one of the Conservative lead ers on a Commission whose labors were foredoomed io a cold acknowledgment in England. The coldsess would have become rancorous party hostility and pertinacious opposition had not Sir Stafford tompromised his party by his adhesion to the freaty. And it really is odd that one of the few, stories about him should relate to his visit to Washington and should consist chiefly in a friendly reminiscence of the fact that he was photographed in boots which, to the American eye, were exces-

Lord Iddesleigh was not what is called a "society man," but there were many houses in London where he was to be met more or less frequently. At some he called with old-fashioned polite regularity once a year. Then, instead of limiting himself to the conventional twenty minutes and discussing the weather, he stayed for an hour or onger, and talked exceedingly well. A good deal depended on the encouragement he got from his hostess, but he had far too much of the stately courtesy of the generation to which he belonged to let it be seen in any case that he was paying a visit as a mere formality. He would not discharge a social obligation as if it were a bill of exchange As a talker he had no great reputation. He did not care to shine, and he lacked that confidence of manner and assertiveness of tone on which the reputations of so many talkers so much depend. He preferred an audience of one or two. If he had a listener to his mind his conversation was often very good. It was the talk which came from a full mind; if anything, his mind was, for the purposes of mere success in life, too full, his interests too various, bis estimate of the relative claims of conflicting or competing subjects not decisive enough. He did not resolve on politics till he was thirtyseven. He had been in his youth a scholar-not using the word too strictly-knew his classics, cultivated literature, not, as Sydney Smith said, on a little oatmeal, but on six thousand a year (sterling). He shot, rode, did most of the things which well-born young English country gentlemen commonly do. To the last his tastes remained eclectic. His Edinburgh address showed he had kept up his reading and even his thinking on subjects wheh have nothing to do with party politics. He came near being a financier of a nigh order. In that, as in the more strictly political part of his career, it was thought that Mr. Gladstone's influence was harmful to him. He never quite emancipated himself from the private secretaryship, and the spell which Mr. Gladstone knows how to cast on those who once come into close contact with him remained or Sir Stafford to the last. His private life was far more complete for all this miscellany of interests-Probably his public life was less concentrated less earnest, less successful.

I speak of Lord Iddesleigh as I knew nim late in his life; earlier I did not know him at all except as one knows a Minister in the House of Commons from the gallery, or a personage one sees across a drawing-room. For some years past, and while he was still in the House of Commons, I met him pretty often. When the door opened and the servant announced Sir Stafford Northcote there was always a slight stir in the company. A group of English men and somen are seldom wholly insensible to the approach of a Cabinet Minister. The signs of interest are slight but sufficient. The figure which entered was not very tall, not what a soldier would call well set up, not in itself remarkable for dignity or distinction. The large eyes might have been fine if you could bave got behind the spectacles; but the full grayish white beard trimmed almost to a point always seemed to pull the head down. It drooped, and the hands either hung loose or were clasped about his hat, if hat he happened to have, so that the air of the whole man was a little deprecating. He seemed just the least doubtful whether he should come in or not, and as if he had not made up his mind, or as if the servant with his anoqueement had made

That was your first impression. A second look showed you how wrong you were. You had misch there was none. What you too rashly thought timidity was gentleness and refinement of manner. The younger Englishman-not all, but some-enters a room as if it belonged to him, or as if he were going to annex it and all it contained. Not so Sir Stafford. He was rather carelessly dressed, too, but whatever you thought of his dress or of details in his appearance, you never were in the least doubt that there stood before you an English gentleman of the best period; or of the best which anybody now knows by personal experienc and observation. He assumed no authority, fully belonged to him. Yet he was certainly not the kind of map with whom other men thought they might take liberties. He was clear, accurate, judicious, not brilliant, humorous at times, always sincere, always interesting. Of late, he was depressed, even melancholy, and roused himself with an effort. One of the stanchest of friends, said his friends. It was possible to think it had been better for Sir Stafford had he been a stanch enemy also. He always seemed to hold it beneath him . engage in a personal contest.

His reputation in the House of Commons ha suffered by little fault of his own. It might be said that the degeneration of the House could be traced by the decay of Sir Stafford's authority. He would not change with the times. He undertook, as he supposed, to lead a House composed of men who were, in a measure, like himself; of men who respected the traditions of the House, and of the class which, till lately, gave the tone to its procord aga. Certainly, he never expected to have to face a mutiny in his own ranks. Into that unhappy business I do not now wish to go far. The story of the Fourth Party, of the long guerilla war they carried on against their nominal chief, of the final triumph of Lord Randolph Churchill and banishment of Sir Stafford to the Lords, is known of all men. This is not the moment to attack, still less to defend, Lord Randolph. He had taken for his motto: autres temps, autres mœurs-and anded to himself, other men also. But the notion that has Decome current about Sir Stafford's leadership does injustice. He lacked, if you like, pugnacity, the delight in conflict for conflict's sake. The Donnybrook Fair doctrine, whenever you see head hit it, was not his. He missed opportunities He abstained from retorts that sprung naturally to less delicate lips. It is impossible to conceive of Bir Stafford Nerthcote, under no matter what provscation, addressing an opponent across the table sven in an undertone—as "you — old humbug." It has never been recorded of him that, in reply to a proposal from a rather distinguished member of party to speak on a pending question, he asked

keep such a --- old fool as -- 's mouth shut. But for legitimate opposition as he understood it, Sir Stafford was a singularly capable man. I have on a question of procedure, and pink his man. I have heard him sum up a debate in which the greatest debater of the House had made one of his telling speeches, and reply to him point by bye kindled, his voice reached easily to the gallery d filled the chamber with its rather harsh reso

what was the use of being leader if he could not

tellectual resource. Certainly he lacked dash and

by no means an ideal chief. He 'never mastered.

or perhaps never accepted, the maxim that the

think was the first cause of the cabal against him

Churchill as having intrigued and conspired

against his chief from motives of personal ambi-

tion. Lord Randolph is probably not deficient in

personal ambition, but he is before all things, or

was, a party man. His idea of the duty of the

leader of a party in opposition was to turn out the

Ministry; to attack, harass, annoy, diminish and

finally overturn the reigning majority. In season

and out of season was his motto, and all is fair in

war, his doctrine. Sir Stafford Northcote did not

adopt that doctrine, and because he did not the

Fourth Party was formed and took up very much

the position adopted by the francs-tireurs in the

This much and no more will I say on a subject

fitter for some other occasion. Nor will I go into

Lord Iddesleigh's Foreign Office administration. He

came to that enormously difficult post much too late in 11fe. He had no natural bent for foreign

affairs. He had not the physical strength, or flexi-

bility, or quickness, which fit a man to deal with

an intolerable accumulation of business, due, in a

measure, to the faulty organization of the office.

Lord Rosebery, a man with extraordinary powers

of work, and of rapid work, described his tenure of

office as a period of penal servitude. No wonder

Lord Iddesleigh failed to make an impression on

Continental Cabinets. But it was, after all only

an episode in his life, and the verdict of his coun-

WAR TALK IN PARIS.

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE-BLOWITZ'S UN-

LUCKY "BOUNCES."

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNES

PARIS, January 10.

The experiments with bombs and grenades charged with "melinite," which are to come off on January 13

and 14, will be made under the eyes of the War Minis-

ter and a few specialists. Journalists and toreigners will be excluded, and the artill rymen chosen to oper-

ate will be selected with a view to closeness of month

as well as of technical skill. The three chief marks

Churchill had resigned and that Prince Alexander
Battenberg had left Windsor to return to Barmstadt,
they agreed to retrace their steps and instead o, coming on to Paris to go to London by way of Belgium,
and meet their ex-ruler on the road and hear from his
own lips how the Churchill resignation would affect
their mission. No other paper in London would
tolerate the Blowitz "bounces" save "The Times,"
which is plethoric from prosperity and has got into a
state of fatty degeneration.

state of fatty degeneration.
"The Pall Mall Gazette" swallowed the Blowitz

"The Pall Mall Gazette" swallowed the Blowitz
"bounces" with eagerness and gluttony, and now
helps their author out of the story about the treaty by
saying that if it is not true in form it is true in fact.
There is ro truth at all in it. Germany is bound by
her situation to be the enemy of Russia, perhaps in a
greater degree than of France. But for the present
Prince Bismarck is doing what he can to prevent
what I may term a job alliance between the Czar and
M. Grevy, or to keep both, without any specific
alliance, from attacking Germany at the same time.

MEN WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

General E. A. Merritt was among the interested on

lookers at Albany who came down to this city at the close of the Senate contest. The General is a large,

broad-shouldered man, with full beard streaked with

stop over at Albany on his way to this city on busi-ness. He thinks the choice of Mr. Hiscock a happy

General Merritt has filled various offices including

those of Surveyor, Naval Officer and Collector of this

port. He was a member of the Legislature in the

memorable Senate contest of 1861, when Mr. Greeley

memorable Senate contest of 1861, when Mr. Greeley and Mr. Evarts were candidates. Mr. Merritt was a member of the committee having charge of Mr. Greeley's canvass, and in referring to Waiter Seasiona's necent reminiscences in regard to that contest he said: "We were very glad to get Mr. Sessiona's aid, but the reason of his leaving Mr. Evarts, through a difference with Mr. Weed and coming over to Mr. Greeley, was not then understood to be the same as he now states in Thr. Thintune. A curious incident relating to that contest has never been told. I went to Governor Morgan's room on the night of the caucus and found it surrounded with a crowd of excited adherents of Mr. Evarts. As I was struggling through this crowd a man came out of the room where Mr. Morgan and Mr. Weed were, with a piece of paper in his hand. In passing me he was caught in the crowd, and in holding up his hand I saw that the paper was a resolution to adjourn the caucus, and thus avoid a vote which would show Mr. Greeley's strength. I lost no time in getting back, and the doorkeeper at the main entrance being a friend of mine I instructed him not to admit anybody at that entrance. Our friends were informed of the move and we took two ballots, before the resolution would be offered.

The friends of ex-Congressman and Congressman

elect Nutting, of Oswego, have been a good deal

alarmed over his physical condition. Mr. Nutting was

family and friends have every right to be proud.

en on his life as a whole is one of which his

German war; a kind of land privateers.

nance; he had energy of manner and abundant iu-SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL. devil, and for a party in a militant mood he was THE GREAT BALL AT THE CHINESE LEGA-

business of an Opposition is to oppose. That I FEMININE COMMENTS-THE GOOD-NATURED MINIS-TER-"DIAMOND LIANG." It is the fashion to speak of Lord Randolph

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29 .- " Did you ever hear such a hue and cry as there is about the Chinese Minister's ball? Why, the very best people were at the ball, and it's a shame to say such dreadful things about them, said one young woman to another on Thursday evening at the President's reception. They were in a quiet corner of the East Room, half-hidden by a big fan palm, and were talking over the chief social event of the season, comfortably and calmly, but from differ-

palm. and were talking over the chief social event of the season. comfortably and calmly, but from different points of view. One was from Army circles and the other was a Congressman's daughter.

"Oh, I don't believe the half that is said. There were a few ill-mannered people in the supper-room, who seemed to have but the one object of getting a 'square meal.' But most of the guests were well-behaved, and I don't believe it's true that a Senator took half a dozen triends beside his own family. Of course I don't believe that," replied the Army young woman, in a tone of complacent insincerity, and adjusting her bracelets as she drooped her cyclids.

"No, of course not. And I don't believe it's true that an Army officer execrted a party of ten, and only half of them invited. But Washington is just the worst place in the world for exaggerations," returned the Congressional young woman in much the same tone, sweet, complacent and insincere. "But there were plenty of people there whose presence was a compliment to the Minister. They seldom go to evening parties, and they didn't go out of curiosity, either. It was entirely complimentary to the host. I presume there were fitty or possibly a hundred who p ished and crowded in the supper-room. It's the old story of Tray and bad company. We must all fare alike. The official people must bear the brunt of it all, too."

"Oh, you foolish girls! Talking of the ball, of course?" put in a third young woman coming up at that I moment. "Why, don't you 'know,' that'it's all the newspapers? All the fuss about the ball, and the supper-room, was a sensation to fill space in the papers. Oh, you two don't know these papers as I do," with a wise look and toss of her head. "I don't believe a single man was in the supper-room with his overcoat on. There was just a row of men close to the table eating as fast as they could. That was the worst thing I saw. But what are a few ill-mannered creatures in a party of six or seven hundred decent people! Only a drop in the bucket, and nothing to ma called or anything, you know. But as soon as the in-vitations were out for the ball, what do you think they vitations were out for the ball, what do you think they did? Now guess."

"Called, of course. What else could they do if they wanted invitations?" was the united answer.

"Well, they didn't do anything of the sort. They just sent a note to the Minister asking invitations for

as well as of technical skill. The three chef marks for the bombs will be fortalices, one of which was built with concrete and stone at a cost of \$8,000, and is thirteen metres square. It is of the shape of a truncated pyramid. The other two were built at a cost of \$4,000 apiece and are of concrete and flint. They are shaped like the base of a truncated cone sloping in rapidly toward the top. Besides these pieces of resistance, which the engineer officers who built them say will be demolished in a few moments, there are minor targets. the whole family."
"And got them!" gasped the Army and Congre "And got them!" gasped the Army and Congressional representatives with breathless interest.
"No, they didn't. Their invitation for invitations was politely refused on the ground that it was impossible to send out any more. But that wasn't the end of it, and you couldn't guess in a month of Sundays what that 'best society' family did next. We're all 'best society' people, you know, so I don't mind using the term. Guess again."

"Oh, we give it up, You will have to tell us. Perhaps they didn't go."
"Yes, they did. Well, they went after the other Foreign Ministers, and begged several of them to ask built them say will be demolished in a few moments, there are minor targets.

The explosive force of "melinite" is a hundred times greater than that of gunpowder, and its force of penetration gives it an immense advantage for destructive purposes over dynamite. It is also sate to handle. But it is a terrible force to let loose upon the world. The Germans watch closely to what extent it is being adopted here. I daresay they will not be pleased to learn that 200,000 grenades for field pieces will be delivered in a few days to the French Ordnance Department, and that a great supply of "melinite" bombs will be soon fortacoming for siege artillery. This order shows that the military authorities here who are engaged in preparing a plan for a future war with Germany do not contemplate remaining altogether on the defensive.

"Yes, they did. Well, they went after the other Foreign Ministers, and begged several of them to ask the Chinese Minister for the invitations."

"And was that the end of it?" asked the Army girl.
"Of course it was. They got the invitations and went to the ball," added the Congressional girl in a

went to the ball," added the Congressional girl in a confident tone.

"Both wrong. They didn't get the invitations, but they were at the ball all the same," was the triumphant solution of the conundrum. "And they're the last family you'd suspect, too," with an air of mystery that was very tantalizing to the two young women.

"How strange it didn't get into the papers," said one of them. "Most everything does, you know."

"Oh, I was sworn not to reveal it, I wish I could tell you both, but I can't. And I'm so sorry you two can't know it. Now, don't guess anybody. Please don't. It will be so hard for me not to share my enjoyment with you."

war with Germany do hot contemplate remaining altogether on the defensive.

We have not heard so much about war during the last week, and the "crammer" of M. de Blowitz about a treaty between Russia and Germany is now taken for just what it is worth, viz., nothing at all. Blowitz, by the by, has not been lucky in his inventions of late. He shot Colonel Williaume, the Colonel, without being at the trouble of rising from the dead, writes to say that he is still alive. He also telegraphed to his paper a conversation with M. Flourens, which the latter has contradicted in the most point-blank manner. But the most unfortunate "bounce" of all was the one about the arrival in Paris of the Bulgarian delegates. "The Times" was informed how these envoys looked, dressed, and were lodged and ted. No detail was spared. But unfortunately the report, which must have been pirated from an account of their proceedings at Vienna or Berlin, had, so far as Paris went, no basis of truth. They were due in Paris on the evening on which M. Blowitz telegraphed to "The Times" their whereabouts here and the other particulars I have mentioned. But they never came, because the line of railway by which they were travelling hither was blocked up with show, and as they heard at Avricourt, in Lorraine, where they were obliged to halt, that Lord Randolph Churchill had resigned and that Prince Alexander Battenberg had left Windsor to return to Darmstadt, they agreed to retrace their steps and instead of comfamily," said the Army girl.
"And I don't care either, as it wasn't in our circle," "And I don't care either, as it wasn't in our circle," said the Congressional girl.

"That ball was too funny in some things. You know about glass houses, of course. Well, if you could have heard one woman there talk about others with low dresses! Her dress, mind you, was too awfully low for anything, and the way she berated women about her for wearing dresses only half as low as her own was too amusing."

"By the way, do you know that the dress Miss Waite wore to lead the minuer in the kirness was a genuine court dress! You know she came afterward to the ball in her minuet costume."

"No. Was it really!" asked the New-York girl. "I

"No. Was it really!" asked the New-York girl. "I wish I had looked at her. A real court dress !"

"Yes. It was made in Paris when Miss Waite was abroad, and for her to wear when she was presented to the Queen. The white satin train is plain, but the front of the petticoat and sleeves are covered with exquisite hand embroidery in colors."

"Oh, girls! I'd almost forgotten to teil you something that is absolutely too good to keep," the New-York girl said quickly, and adroitly turning the conversation backward. "The diplomats asked for any number of invitations to the ball. Of course they were all invited. But they asked for dozens of friends besides. They have plenty of outside friends, and some of them didn't hesitate to ask for half a dozen or more extra invitations. Now, after all, there wasn't so much to make a fuss about, except the few Americans who went without invitations. And as you say the very best people were there. That is a comfort."

"Yes, that is true, and it is a comfort," said the two young women, moving out of the corner, speaking cheerfully and relieved by the conclusion arrived at after the ten minutes' talk.

Probably no social event has been more talked of in Probably no social event has been more talked of in four days than this ball given by the Chinese Minister on Tuesday evening. Happily the disagreeable things piled up mountains high by guests themselves are to the Minister and his Legation of the molebill magnitude. Without doubt Mr. Chang Yen Hoon'shospitality was abused by the presence of a tew coarse people, invited and animited, who would be ill-mannered at all times and places. But as the young women declared under the White House palms, "the very best people," who are well mannered at all times and places, were at the bail. Better than any others of the foreign colony at the Capital, the Chinese can be snave and polite in broad-shouldered man, with full beard streaked with gray, and his smiling countenance looks as though he enjoyed the crisp atmosphere at his home in St. Lawrence County, where he says the snow is three feet deep and the thermometer occasionally marks 32° below zero. The General slipped and sprained his ankle badly about three months ago and has been laid up in his house until recently, and even now limps about with some difficulty. But he enjoys a settirial heat and could not resist the temostation to

who are well mannered at all times and piaces, were at
the ball. Better than any others of the foreign colony
at the Capital, the Chinese can be snave and polite in
the face of Christian rudeness and vulgarity. The Minister blandly smiled, and courteously shut his eves to
the acts of the few people who abused his hospitality
on the night of his New Year's ball. Mr. Chang is fond
of balls, and or seeing dancing. Nothing short of a ball
would, in his opinion, be worthy of the New Year celebration. It need not be said that the young men of his
Legation promptly acqueisced in the Minister's desire
for the feativity.

The jourteen members of the Legation are inclined
to social gayety, though but three of them dance after
the American fashion. They are also like the Minister
in their love of fine dress, and one of the number, Mr.
Liang Ting Tsan, is very fond of diamonds. Helwears
several clusters of the gems in his cap, and on the night
of the ball his diamonds quite outshone those of his
Celestial chief. "We call him' Diamond Liang," to distinguish him from the other Liang, the translator," Mr.
Ho Shen Chee said with the blandest of Chinese
smiles, and in perfect English. "Diamond Liang"
wears eveglasses and is the intellectual, or perhaps I
should say scholarly looking, man in the Legation. He
is the Third Secretary. The "other Liang," or Liang
Shung, is one of two translators, Mr. Ho being the
other. The two men speak English equally well. Mr.
Ho is large, round-taced and jolly, with a keen sense of
the ludicrous, and he is not too decorous to make fun
of Americans when occasion offers a good opportunity.
Mr. Ho is a Christian whose parents became Christians
in a mission school in Hong Kong. In this mission
school little Ho learned his English alphabet and
English prayers, and thrived, growing to a stature not
common among Chinese men. He came to this country
with the first Legation at Washington, and returned
when that went back, succeeded by the second Legation. After an absence of several years he is i "baby blue," "maize tint," "ivory white," "silver gray," and other lavorite shades for party dresses. He confesses that of all these his choice is "baby blue," and therefore, Mr. Ho, tall and portly, usually wears brocades of the most delicate blue shades. Mr. Liang is also fond of this blue, and he is tall and also portly, but younger by several years than his colleague in blue. He received most of his education at Amherst in a five years' course at the college there. It must be said that Liang is also devoted to American society and to the American fashion of dancing. Ho, Liang and "Diamond Liang" actively represented the Legation at the ball, all three dancing the lancers with the case and grace only acquired by practice. Where have they learned to dance so well I was the question frequently asked at the ball. They were the three picturesque figures in the company of conventionally dressed American dancers, and the "baby blue" brocades, shining here and there among tuile gowns and black coats, were very effective. The dancing of the three Celestials gave added interest to the ball, and it was regarded as their "coming out" party. Had Mr. Chang Yen Hoon himself gone on the floor there would have been little surprise. The gayety of Ho, Liang and "Diamond Liang" seemed as a matter of course in the atmosphere of festivity. Even General Sheridan, who had never been known to dance in Washington before, took several turns in a waltz with an irresistibly pretty girl for a partner. Mrs. Sheridan laughed and said it was a new accompilishment, and one she did not know ber huaband possessed. Eight other hoccaled-robed Chinese stood in a group and looked with en y on their three countrymen. They longed to dance but had not learned the American fashion. It would not be a wild

alarmed over his physical condition. Mr. Nutting was formerly a great smoker and during the last canvass, when he did not take the usual care of his health, a sore appeared in his mouth somewhat resembling that which afficted General Grant. Mr. Nutting's physician ordered him to give up smoking entirely, and he has since been undergoing treatment, though the doctor says that it is a canker sore. But it continues to afflet Mr. Nutting, while his general health has been affected so that he has been unable, a part of the time, to be in his office. His friends have been watching the outcome of the "canker" with misgivings. Discussions about the wealth of caudidates were frequent during the recent Senate contest. A welltrequent during the recent Senate contest. A well-known member of the Legislature speaking yesterday on the subject said: "I do not believe a dollar was used by any candidate to influence votes, otherwise than by contributing to legitimate campaign expenses in Assembly districts. And in that way Smith M. Weed, the Democratic candidate, probably expended more money than anybody else. Mr. Weed is a millionaire, and how much more nobody knows. Mr. Morton can be rated under the same comprehensive term. Mr. Hiscock is worth about \$000,000, while Warner Miller is worth probably half that sum."

prophecy to say that by the New Year of 1888 the Chinese Minister and his entire Legation will have learned American dances. It is a Legation of progressive social ideas, and the first ball of the Minister was a long step in the direction of social lite with Americans and according to American customs.

Mr. Charg Yen Hoon is exclusive on one point only. This is on the matter of holding to the Chinese fashion of dress. His young secretaries will not be permitted to wear the European broadcloth. In all other things he is liberal and progressive.

I hear there has been a good deal of Senatorial grumbling over the President's reception to Congress on Thursday evening. The reception was given in honor of Congress and Senators declare they had a struggle to get into the Blue Room instead of being admitted first as guests of the evening. The loudest complaints come from Democratic Congressmen. A Southern Democrat said at the reception: "When Arthur was President Democratic Senators could come in by the private door on the south side. Now we scramble and crowd in at the main door. Who has the use of the private door under this Administration!"

"The Republicans ought to have," answered the daughter of a Republican Senator. "If the Democrats had the private door when Mr. Arthur was President, we ought to have it now "Well," said another Senator. "the Diplomatic Corps came in first this evening and were received first, even if the reception is in honor of Congress. I don't understand the etiquette that gives us the second place to-night. I suppose the diplomats had the private door also."

" Secretary Lamar has a new wife and a new overcoat, was the comment on the Secretary of the Interior, as he appeared in a light gray overcoat, going to the Cabinet gray once so fashionable for brides' travelling costumes It's a bridal overcoat, of course," added a woman. And then a smile passed around the group on the portico. Mrs. Lamar, though said to be "just sixty," is the second Cabinet bride of the Administration. The wife of Secretary Manning was a bride when her husband entered the Cabinet. She is a second wife and much younger than the Secretary. She is an attractive woman personally and is especially attractive in manner. Mrs. Lamar is not so much her husband's junior. She has two married daughters: he has a married son and a married daughter. The "Cabinet bride" and the "Court bride" have been much talked of in official circles. At one of the afternoon receptions this week a young woman poured tea and discoursed of Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Lamar between the intervals of "one or two lumps" with her pretty hand over the sugar bowl. "Now, of course, you know the Cabinet bride has got to be put through the dinner and lunch festivities. Every other Cabinet family must dine her and lunch her before the world can see much of her.

"Yes—It's better with cream and sugar. Well, where was 11 Oh. yes. The Court bride had to do it. It took several weeks. But all the other Justices' families gave dinners and luncheons to Mrs. Matthews, and by the time it was all over, she was one of them you know—one of the Court elecle." It will be just so with Mrs. Lamar. It is

if was all over, she was one of them you know—one of the 'Court circle.' It will be just so with Mrs. Lamar. It a sort of initiation programme. After the other Cabin families get through with her, Mrs. Lamar will be one of the Cabinet circle.'

"LORD ARTHUR."

HIS EXPERIENCE AND HIS IDEAS.

A dapper young man, somewhat below a medium height, with a thin, elever-looking face relieved by a carefully tended mustache and marked by dark eyes sunken in their sockets made his way through a recent snowstorm into the St. James Hotel. A long black overcoat with a deep velvet collar being thrown aside the young man was soon after sitting in front of a blazing fire in a cosey room upstairs nursing a neat foot and chatting in a pleasant voice to a couple of friends, one of whom was Cecil Clay, the husband of Miss Rosina Vokes. The young man was Weedon Grossmith, the "Awthaw" of the "Pantomine Rehearsal" and the unhappy husband of "The Schoolmistress." The chat after awhile drifted into a personal channel and Mr. Grossmith let fall much that was of interest concerning himself and his experiences. Though his career upon the stage has been a short one it has so far brought him muto prominence and indubitably gained him many friends among the people he has amused. He comes of a family to whom the public owe much in the direction of entertainment. His father was for years well known in and around London as a clever lecturer and entertainer, while his brother George has created the principal comedian's part in all the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas in London. Before this George Grossmith was known as a clever nusical monologist.

Weedon Grossmith, having an inherited fondness for painting passed five or six years of his early life as a the young man was soon after sitting in front of a Weedon Grossmith, having an inherited fondness for painting passed five or six years of his early life as a student at the Royal Academy. He had sufficient talent to warrant him in adopting painting as his lite work and for several years he devoted himself to it with considerable success. For eight successive years he exhibited at the Academy and for more than half that time at the Grosvenor Gallery.

"Finally," said he, "I took up portrait painting altogether. But I took it up at the wrong time. Pertrait painting more than any other branch of art depends upon the state of affairs among the richer classes. I need not remind you that about three years ago when I launched out into the extravagance of a house and studio in Harley-st. matters were not at

ago when I launched out into the extravagance of a house and studio in Harley-st. matters were not at their brightest among the English land-owning class. Since then they have steadily got worse and I tound the outlook not particularly cheerful. All branches of art are suffering and it is only those at the very top of the profession who manage to get along. Then I began to think seriously of the stage. My friends, D'Oyly Carte and Wyndham, had often spoken to me D'Oyly Carte and Wyndham, had often spoken to me about it, and when Mr. Clay made me a most favorable offer to come with him to America. I determined to accept it and see what I could do. So I came out here last season and I am glad to say was so well received that I am now balancing between painting and acting. You know that no one can do well in two arts, one must be subservient to the other; so whichever I think I do less badly than the other I shall probably stick to. One of my friends told me lately that to his surprise my acting was worse than my painting, but I stick to. One of my friends told me lately that to his surprise my acting was worse than my painting, but I found he had seen neither, so I think he must have been prejudiced." Two of Mr. Grossmith's pictures were seen lately at the American Art Association galleries. Concerning these he said:

— I have always striven to have my pictures exhibited.

"I have always striven to have my pictures exhibited on their merits alone, so I went to the secretary of the exhibition and simply asked for information as to submitting a couple of pictures for approval. They knew nothing of me and did not seem impressed with the idea that an unknown man could send anything worth having. However, I told them I would send two pictures and let them choose one or neither. To my gratification, they took both, though they are quite large, and hung them excellently. I have now been asked to send them to Philadelphia, and shall of course do so."

ourse do so."

While in America Mr. Grossmith has naturally paid While in America Mr. Grossmith has naturally paid much attention to the state of art as he sees it here. He wagged his head rather dismally as he said: "I have always wondered where all the indifferent French pictures went to. One sees them in Parisian studios and at the Salon, and then they disappear, I have solved the mystery. They are bought by Americans. Not only is the English school practically unrepresented here, it appears to me, but the work of Americans is neglected equally in layor of indifferent French work. I do not mean to say that in England the public are very much more highly educated, but we have many men, chiefly among the rich manufacturers, who buy according to their own judgment. In England, by the way, the aristocracy, or what in current phrase are now called the 'smart people,' have almost ceased to be picture-buyers. They go to the private views of the Academy and Grosvenor to see and be seen, glancing occasionally at the pictures, but that ends it."

ceased to be picture-buyers. They go to the private views of the Academy and Grosvenor to see and be seen, glancing occasionally at the pictures, but that ends it."

Leaving the consideration of painting, Mr. Grossmith talked about his present profession. "I think my artistic training has helped me wonderfully as an actor. I unconsciously feel how a stage-picture should be composed in the first place, and in the second, I have been accustomed for years to study character. Do I study from life! Most assuredly so. I cadeavor, however, to present a type and not an individual, as it were. I think the strength of our great English character-actor, Hare, ijes in this. His 'Sam Gerridge' in 'Caste' was no one particular gas-man, it was the English gas-man as a whole. In my small way I tried to do this, as 'Lord Arthur,' for example. He unites in himself the component parts of several men I know, and he stands as a type of them all. The hesitating speech comes from one, the hat from another, the coat from another, the querulous tone from still another. I have studied the genus 'swell' rather thoroughly, and I have still another species or two to add to my gallery. If it were possible for a character to be effective without his saying a word, I think I could give the most typical of the class as a story of a dinner at the Guards' or some military club. He and a scientific chap were discussing the comet which was then blazing over London. Their neighbors gravely ate their dinner in solemn silence. Clay's friend went on giving interesting information evidently listened to and partially comprehended by the gallant officers. Finally Clay and the scientific shap were discussing the comet which was then blazing over London. Their neighbors gravely ate their dinner in solemn silence and then the dinner marched after them in solemn silence and went to giving interesting information evidently listened to and partially comprehended by the gallant officers. Finally Clay and the scientia finished their dinner and passed into the ha

THE PLEBEIAN KHEDIVE.

A CURIOUS ORIEN TAL COMPOUND OF KNAVE AND FOOL

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

ALEXANDRIA, January 4.

Of all living potentates, certainly the most undignified is His Highness Tewfik Pacha, Khedive of Egypt Unlike his father, there is nothing regal or imposing about him, and when I used to see him sitting on the divan nearest to the window at the Palace of Abdeen, his short legs unable to reach the ground and his fat little body swaying backward and forward in huge delight at the perpetration of one of his excee dingly feeble jokes, it required all the feelings of etiquette engendered by diplomatic training to prevent my poking him in the ribs and slapping him on the back. The son of a common Fellah stave occupying a menial position in the Khedival household who had momentarily captivated and subsequently disgusted old Ismail Pacha, Tewffk has little resem blance to his half brothers, sons of the legitimate wives, who all of them give one the impression of being gentlemen to the very tips of their flogers. Moreover, while the latter were educated at great expense in London, Paris and Berlin, Tewfik, owing to his father's antipathy, grewaup in obscurity without ever going abroad, and it is to this fact that many of the defects of his character may be traced. A Mahometan, his religious views untempered by any travel in Europe, he fortunately lacks the personal courage to become a fanatic, and when it is borne in mind that according to the Koran no believer is bound to keep faith with a Christian, it will readily be understood what a difficult man he is to deal with.

The first time I met him was in the spring of 1879

at a dinner given by his father, the Khedive Ismail. I

had arrived rather early and was standing in the re-

ception hall at the top of the stairs talking with Ismall, when the grand master of the ceremonies suddenly aunounced "Le Prince Heritier." Immediately afterward an insignificant-looking young man with a kind of hunted look about his eyes shuffled up to his father, humbly kissed the hem of his coat, and then with his hands crossed on his breast retired to a distant corner of the room, followed by the contemptuous glance of the old Khedive, who without returning a single word of greeting to bis son went on talking with me. No ody at that time could foresee that Ismail's deposition was so near, and consequently I was one of the very few who considered it worth their while to show any courtesy to the young Prince. During the following weeks I saw a good deal of him both officially and socially, and I used to be considerably amused to remark how at balls and receptions he would wander through the rooms talking with the Europeans in the nost contemptuous was about the natives, and with the latter in an equally disagreeable manner about the former, utterly oblivious of the fact that natives and Europeans subsequently compared notes on the subject. Gifted with the innate Oriental taste for intrigue, most of Te wfik's attempts at diplomacy have been marked by similar childishness. One cannot, however, blame him for the timid, bunted look about his eyes, for his life, especially during the last few months preceding his father's deposition, was in great I have often wondered why Khedive Ismail did not give vent to his hatred by putting him out of the way as he did his powerful Finance Minister, Sadyk Pacna, two years previously The latter after supping with his sovereign one night disappeared nysteriously, and was no more seen in this world, leaving absolutely no trace except a semicircular scar on the left band of a handsome young chamberlain who is reported to have had it bitten through whilst in the act of strangling the Minister. It may be of interest to add that the whole of the vanished Minister's vast wealth was confiscated by his sovereign, and that the handsome chamberlain holds the rank of Minister of Finance in the present Egyptian Cabinet.

When I next saw Tewfik it was in the autumn of eference to the latter, my personal acquaintance with Arabi and much discussion on the subject with both I am favored with a copy, he says: natives and Europeans convince me that the Arabi movement was distinctly promoted and connived at in its earlier stages by Tewfik, and that he only withdrew therefrom when he saw the hopelessness of the cause. The true object of Arabi's insurrection appears to have been entirely lost sight of. It was a distinet movement of Mahometans against Christians, e in mind that as usury is forbig the Koran all the moneylenders and bloodsuckers in Egypt are either Christians or Jews; and that owing to their inability to pay the heavy taxes the starving peasantry have been obliged to mortgage all their land. Hence a war against the Christians, which by driving them out of the country would thereby liquidate all debts and mortgages, was exceedingly popular with the natives, and thoroughly in accord with the innermost feelings of the bigoted Khedive. His sympathy with Arabi is proved by the fact that all of his closer confidents and adherents, and all the relatives of his wife, openly joined in the movement up to the arrival of the British troops in Egypt. Arabi, a mere Fellah, was but the figurehead, and taking into consideration the incredibly servile nature of the race, would never have dared to go so far had he not been assured of the Effendina's secret sympathy notwithstanding his official disapproval. Without venturing to assert that all the charges of complicity which Lord Randolph Churchill made against Tewfik are exact in every detail (he has hitherto declined to withdraw them), undoubtedly they are not entirely groundless. It is this official loyalty coupled with private treachery, this insane desire to be all things to all men, which causes Tewfik to be absolutely without a single devoted friend, either native or European.

In December, 1883, General Gordon had just been to their inability to pay the heavy taxes the starving In December, 1883, General Gordon had just beer

a single devoted friend, either native or European.

In December, 1883, General Gordon had just been most bitterly attacking him in the London press, describing his as a contemptible and unreliable coward. Handing me the newspaper, (if I remember rightly it was "The Pall Mell Gazette,") the Khedive broke out into the bitterest abuse against Gordon, calling him a madman, an ungrateful liar, etc., What was therefore my astonishment to learn the next was therefore my astonishment to learn the next was therefore my astonishment to learn the next worning that he had just cabled to London carnestly requesting the English Government to lend him Gordon as being the only man who could pacify the Soudan. Officially proclaiming the abandonment of his African provinces and dismissing his Prime Minister, that most honest of Turks, old Cherif Pachs, because he would not consent thereto, he never ceased to rail at the measure and to express his private disapproval thereof. Gordon reached Cairo on his way to Khartoum on the 23d of January, 1884. In the morning he saw the Khedive at great length and received the fullest powers from him as Governor-General of the Soudan. The same night after accompanying the General to the depot and seeing him start with his seanty luggage, his extraordinary accoutrement, and his 10,000 cigarettes on the journey southward from which he never returned, I went to see Tewfik, and as I entered the room perceived, greatly to his disgust, Zebehr Pacha, Gordon's hitterest anemy, being smuggled out of the audience chamber. Zebehr's favorite son had been put to death by Gordon, and this king of slave-traders had sworn by all that was holy to be revenged on him. The old man's influence in the African provinces, his close connection with the great Senoussi brotherhood (to which Tewfik is likewise secretly affillated), and the fact that although residing at Cairo he was the prime mover of the Soudan insurrection, subsequently became so clear that the English Government were forced to seize him, and to ship Poor Tewfik! I always think that his father

where he still remains in prison.

Poor Tewfik! I always think that his father was right when he remarked to me about his son that "he had neither heart nor head." Not content with having an official agent in England when the Liberals were in power, he was continually sending over secret emissaries, generally blunt tools, to intrigue with the Conservatives, and of course as soon as Lord Salisbury assumed the reins of government, he attempted the same little game with the Liberals. Needless to add, the English Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt was fully aware of all this, and nothing was more amusing than to watch Tewfik eagerly and unblushingly swearing by the beard and other portions of the Prophet's sacred person that he had never sent anybody to England, and then to watch the queer, sceptical smile of Sir Evelyn Baring, who had the proofs to the contrary in his pocket. Tewfik thereupon with the object of changing this disagreeable topic of conversation, and of turning it into channels which he thought would be more agreeable to the English diplomat, would launch out into the most bitter abuse of the French and of their representative. Half an hour later would find the Khedive complaining to the French Plenipotentiary of Sir Evelyn Baring's rudeness and of the intolerable conduct of the English in Egypt. During the course of the day he would seek to ingratiate himself with the German Minister by attacking the French colony, and with the Russian representative by abusing the latter's German colleague; leaving them all subsequently to compare notes. Then in the evening when the audiences were at an end, he would gather around him his native cronies and begin to curse all around and in the most indiscriminate manner "those unclean dogs of Christians whose mothers' graves may the pigs defile?" The query will naturally arise, Why if thus convinced of his disloyalty does England his six in maintaining him on the throne? The reason is not far to seek. Tewfik's intrigues are so shallow, so chidish, can be so casily c

raler whom the English require for their purposes. Were either his father to be restored or his brothers to be appointed in his place, one would have to count with far cleverer and hence more dangerous men, whose intrigues would be of much more serious consequence. No Oriental can exist without intrigue, but all are not as simple as Tewfik, who has the habit of stuffing all kinds of confidential letters and secret papers into his coat pockets, where they are in due course found by his English valet, an apparently illiterate ex-private of one of the regiments of the army of occupation. The valet, who has a patriotic weakness for whiskey, generally spends his spare evenings with a glorious old tippler and Scotch dentist; and it is astonishing to see the amount of attention which the teeth of the English envoy appear to require.

The extravagance of his father and the unfortunate consequences thereof have had the result of driving Tewfik into the other extreme, and although enormously wealthy through his wife, he is incredibly avaricious and mean in money matters; a most uncriental failing which has given rise to innumerable stories and characteristic aneedotes. Whilst ingratiating himself with the moral sovereigns of Europe by publishing the fact that he has only one legitimate wife, he does not think it necessary to inform them of the number of his concubines, some of whom belonged to his father. And whilst publicly deprecating slavery, he secretly encourages it, protecting the slave-traders who find their best clients at the palace.

their best clients at the palace.

Before concluding it may be stated in palliation of the Khedive's systematic unreliability and untruthfulness, that the moral atmostphere of Cairo and Alexandria is hardly calculated to exercise a healthy influence on a simple mind. There is a large European colony in Egypt, the composition of which is, to say the least, shady. The men are either adventurers of the worst kind from every quarter of the globe, or else gentlemen by birth formerly occupying excellent positions who have been guilty of the infraction of some social law. Whenever a well-known "society man" suddenly disappears in consequence of having been discovered cheating at cards or some kindred offence, one may count on his turning up at Cairo. It is about as safe playing cards there as on a Mississippi steamer in days gone by. The ladics are mostly those who world not be received by society in Europe. In fact there is hardly a man or a woman there who has not some curious past history. Nor are the Khedive's native advisers much better; for every Egyptian statesman and Cabinet Minister of the present day, with the single exception of Cherif Pacha, began life in the unspeakably immoral harem of Khedive's horizing the single exception of Cherif Pacha, began life in the unspeakably immoral harem of Khedive Abbas, who reigned in 1850. It is hardly a matter of surprise that men who began their career in debauchery should be deficient in the fundamental principles of honor and integrity.

ZOLA AT HOME.

THE MOTIVE OF HIS NEW BOOK. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUFE.

PARIS, January 13. M. Zola, who rather enjoys being attacked by Lord Tennyson in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," is working at another novel called "The Earth" ("La Terre.") As Henry George and the Irish Land Leaguers have been preaching to the world that earth is a mother, not a stepmother, and that all human beings have an equal right to her maternal kindness, I was curious to know whether M. Zola was brought by his studies to regard it in the same light that they do. He may be said to have sung a de profundis in "Germinal," in which novel he takes the reader into the bowels of the earth where the miner in France tolls, away from the sun's light, ten, twelve, and sometimes four teen hours a day. He now is trying to show to what degree the peasant deserves to be classed with the satyr of the Greek mythology-a creat ure which had little that was human unless the capacity to walk upright, to laugh, to make alcoholic drinks, and to invent musical instruments and play them. M. Zola thinks that hard agricultural work does bring out the animal side of human nature to the detriment of the sensitive or nervous and mental sides, and that the peasant closely attached to the globe is of necessity base and insensible to the higher interests of humanity. But he thinks that this root-class unconsciously ascends, and that when once it gets 1883. His father was in exite, his brothers banished. Into easier circumstances it becomes a stem branch and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been tought. With ing out into twigs rich in foliage, flowers, and in ing out into twigs rich in foliage, flowers, and in due time savory fruits. In his preface, of which

I wish to write a live poem of the earth, but of it because it is to him the great material form of wealth. I then want to paint the higher love whom Arabi promised to drive out of the country. It of earth the nursing mother, from whom we draw our bodily form, our daily bread, the fluid that breast we are in the end to sleep the sleep of death. I start with showing the peasant a ra-pacious muck-rake; a being of narrow passions in the presence of the great mother who is always patient, serene and beneficent. It is not my inpatient, serene and beneficent. It is not my intention, however, to paint the rustic blacker than he really is, but to seek out and bring to light his redeeming qualities. He is not one of nature's noblemen, but he has a grandeur of his own nevertheless. In a way he is to be the hero. The action will turn upon a peasant who in setting out owned no patch of ground, and then how and when he came to be an owner, and how he wanted to own more. Then I shall go into the question of the enforced sub-division of landed property in France and how it works on a community of peasants. I shall throw into relief the social consequences and explain how great estates are being again formed, and what they are leading to. This will bring me alongside of the Socialists. I mean also to study the political part the peasant has played and the one he is likely to play, and his action through ownership of land upon modern France. He is the majority, the latent force that steeps and which is able whenever it is aroused to the country, the latent force that the country, the latent has no means the fact of the country. It is also my sleeps and which is able whenever it is arous to seal the fate of the country. It is also r intention to study him in his relations with t Church and to see to what extent religion has o

> M Zole has come into his winter quarters in the Rue de Boulegne, in the Quartier Breds, a dis trict very much inhabited by artists and demimonde women, of a not first-rate standing in their profession, but who generally live in domicales of their own. His chambers are up several flights of a rather shabby stair. His rooms are not furnished tastefully, but he has a vast quantity of objects of taste crowded on etageres, mantelpieces, side tables, cabinets, and so forth. Some day he means to build a house where there will be room for them and to spare. His portrait by Manet, and other impressionist pictures, hang on the wall. I could not say why, but M. Zola gives me the impression of one who has not yet shaken off the traces of sordid poverty, and seems bent on preventing his animal heat from being lost. The arms are kept close to the body, the shoulders rise toward the ears, and his coat is buttoned up as in the days when his hearth was with-out a fire, and he was obliged to brust to killing sparrows at his garret window for a meal's meat. He looks very shy, has a thick tongue in speaking, and the concentrate expression in his black and somewhat fixed eyes gives them almost the cross-squint look.

> M. Zola is a thinker, and therein lies his superiority to Daudet, who is a little of a poet and a good deal of an artist without any philosophical insight. M. Zola thinks out his subjects first of all. Indeed, he sweats his brain at this part of his literary work, and then he busies himself with the poem. He tries to make it both striking and appropriate to the idea be has to express. No-body understands better than he does that commonplaces hide truth from most eyes.

RECEPTIONS BY PEOPLE IN MOURNING.

From The Minneapolis Tribuna.

How peculiar some people are. I guess it must be a heritage. For instance, I chanced to be in a street car the other day and overheard two ladies conversing.

One of them said: "Now, wasn't that a delightful reception at Mr. Bink's the other afternoon. Yet the paper scarcely mention know, Mrs. Bink's lin in mourning and, of sourse, it wouldn't do to have it in the papers. It wouldn't be right, you know."

"No, of course not, wonder I didn't think of that."

And thus they chatted. I couldn't help but hear. To my intense surprise I learned that it was quite the thing for ladies in mourning to give receptions, but under the rose. Much I marvelled thereat. I am opposed to mourning. We were not put here to mourn. If our ideas of mourning tity are right, we haven't anything to mourn for on the ity are right, we haven't anything to mourn for on the proper and right to show the grief we feel on occasion, but to mourn for a year or so, and go around in this gay world looking like a funeral procession is not right. Therefore it struck me as peculiarly funny that in the upper force its function and period with a little enjoyment, but that it was wrong to let anybody know it. Yes, this is a queer world and lots of peculiar people there are in the